Confessions of a Dismissed English Teacher

by William Kerrigan

Born under the sign of Capricorn, a goat by nature and by choice, I came to Middlebury three years ago from the graduate school at Columbia University. For five years I had been living the leisurely life of an underground sophisticate. I read Andrew Sarris in the Village Voice and spent four or five nights a week in movie theatres, rapt in the dark as private detectives in trenchcoats walked down inconographic avenues lit, always, by a single harsh streetlamp. I too wore a trenchcoat. I made scenes, I went to marches I read Renaissance literature and completed my academic requirements with sudden explosions of energy, pursuing my wisdom with a discontinuous intensity I went South to work for Civil Rights and there I married me a wife and started me a child. When rioting broke out at Columbia, my wife and I handed over our child to his aunt, entered the building and were rewarded with the supreme luxury of a night in jail-- no pants to change, no cries to still. I hated pigs and, believe me, the pigs I knew were hateful. I had ideology.

When I came to Middlebury three years ago, I was a fool. A goat of a fool. My old lecture notes make this fact painfully clear. I blush to think of the falsehood I taught my students that first year. Eclectic beyond belief, I tried to imitate all my best teachers, oblivious to whom I was addressing and what I was addressing, recreating for my students those choice bits of pedagogical business which had so impressed the younger me. The literature did not really matter. It was brilliance I sought, and sought without discrimination. I misrepresented literature because I misread literature. I was more interested in being clever than in speaking the truth. What exquisite ecstasies I wove, like a mad spider, about the nub of a helpless text! Any C+ sophomore attending to what the lanuage actually said could have levelled the whole crazy structure with one pointed remark. Luckily, my students were as interested in intellectual sensationalism as I was. At best we dreamed dreams together. At worst I dreamed and they were graded on how well they could follow and imitate my insane raptures (The author suggests that many of those reached by this newspaper should carefully reread the preceding paragraph.)

I have continually experimented with styles of teaching. For one stretch, reacting to an acute inner despair, I decided that I did not actually wish to teach my students anything. Rather, I wished to have experiences with them. Since all conversation amounted to one mind comparing and contrasting itself to another mind, I would embrace this logic absolutely: each student would be forced to decide if he wished to change and be more like me, and I would force myself to decide if I wished to change and be more like each of them. Musical Chairs to the tune of Existentialism. I was tough: "Turn off if you wish, Miss Brown, but I think you are a coward." I soon found that, for the sake of gratuitous fervor, I was falsifying myself, my students, and most of all our speech, ravishing everything in sight for its essence of sensation. My hands were wet with ambergris, but I could not remember why I had

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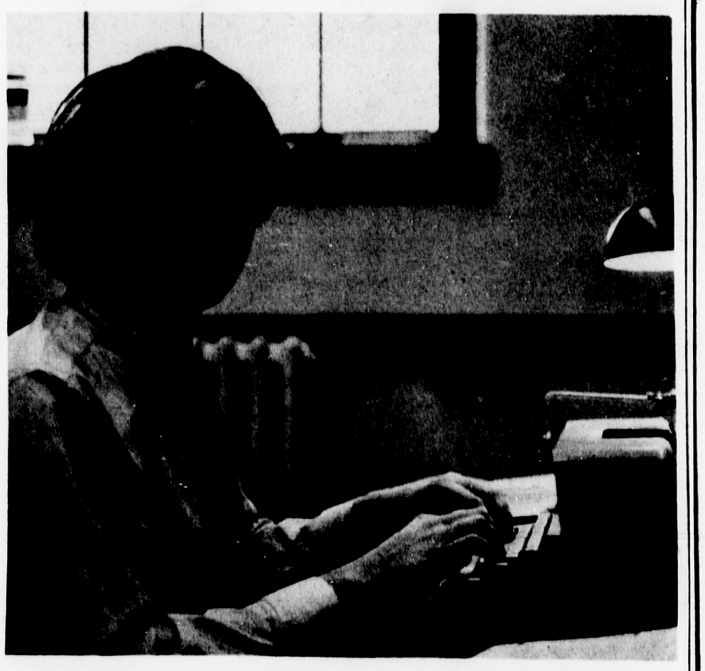

Mr. William Kerrigan: "What lies beneath the patina of conventional greatness?"

(Photo by Skip Atwater)

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

Vol. LXVI MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1971 No. 18

Spring Rush Turnout Boosts Fraternity Hopes

by Bill Landry

Middlebury's seven fraternities gained a total of 89 new members during Spring Rush on April 16 and 17. This good turnout has given a considerable boost to the frats and has raised hopes that some houses may have as many as 50 members next year. Figures on the new members are: Zeta Psi - 22; Slug - 21; Chi Psi - 17; KDR - 17; PKT - 5; Sig Ep - 4; DU - 3.

This is a considerable increase over last year when many of those who joined in the spring cancelled out last fall. A new constitution and a change in bidding procedures may have helped the increase. Bids were given in one place, Gifford, this year rather than in each frat as in the past. Frats offer bids to those men who they want in their houses and each man accepts or rejects the bids he receives.

The fraternities are especially pleased with their new membership as it is a sign that the sdu's are not at the moment in much competition with the frats, which offer better food and are more cohesive socially. Nevertheless, the Inter-Fraternity Council has been trying lately to coordinate its activities with the Activities Board and plans to do more of this in the future.

Spring Rush is a relatively new occurence at Middlebury. In past years rushing was carried out at the beginning of a class's second year. Last year, however, because of fears that potential frat members might lose interest over the summer, rushing was moved up to a weekend in the spring. This was the procedure this year and it will probably be continued from now on.

The IFC has become much stronger in the second half of this year. Much of this has been due to the continuing efforts of the Council's advisor, Tim Carey. Mr. Carey has been, according to IFC President Jeff Reinhardsen, a great help to the organization and someone whose help has been lacking in the past.

It is hoped that the increased frat membership will help to disperse the image of frats as student breweries - an image which has little validity these days. Frats, along with their campuses, have been changing recently. Evidence of that here at Middlebury has been increased ties between the houses and the town and a growing diversity of members.

Y.O.U. Sets Plans for Summer Camp

by Jennifer Hamlin

Y.O.U. is probably known to many students only in its bedmaking and movie-sponsoring capacities, for which the Proctor anouncement board gives it public credit. However, Youth Opportunity Unlimited is involved in a continuing project far greater than its individual fund-raising events.

Every summer since its inception in the spring of 1968, following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Y.O.U. has brought about 30 black sixth graders from the Hill District of New Haven, Connecticut to Middlebury for six weeks of summer school-summer camp. Assuming that sufficient funds are raised to cover the program's shoe-string budget, Camp Y.O.U. will greet another crew of inner-city youngsters in July and August, 1971. This year's campers will be the first inter-racial group; blacks will be in the majority, though.

Each summer the camp staff, made up of Middlebury College students, aims at helping each camper gain a fuller sense of himself and his own worth. To accomplish this the curriculum is oriented toward language arts, specifically in two classes in writing and oral expression. Both classes attempt to help the students improve their own abilities of expression, to suggest the necessity of such language abilities, and to create an environment in which these activities became both meaningful and fun. The small size of the classes - from three to eight campers - provides good opportunity for individual teaching attention to each student.

Activities, projects and occasional short trips supplement the classroom teaching, introducing new ideas to write about and discuss as well as to enjoy. This past summer the camp activities were organized around weekly themes, such as "City and Country," "History," and "Human Relations." Marshall Forstein, who is in charge of the coming summer's curriculum structure, says the thematic organization will probably be retained, although the specific themes have not been worked out yet.

The campers themselves are all sixth graders from the Prince Street School in New Haven. Each year the students are selected on the basis of application and interviews with the student and his parents. Although there will be both white campers and black campers, all the campers will be from the same socio-economic background. The only charge to the campers is a $10.00 registration fee. This year it is hoped that two of the first year's campers (summer 1968) will re-

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Crowds Mass on Washington, DC: Silent Majority Speaks April 24

by Peter Adam

Downtown Washington was overrun by the people last Saturday. From the speaker's platform on the Capital steps (close to the platform on which the President is sworn into office) they could be seen; all of them. They covered Pennsylvania Ave. They covered Constitution Ave; they milled about the mall and the Washington Monument grounds.

Before the rally, attendence of about 100,000 was projected. Official sources now claim that 200-300,000 attended; there were easily 400,000 people there, many more than November, 1969 or May 1970, and many could not attend because their buses and cars were caught in the traffic jams which clogged entrances to the city.

Friday afternoon hitchhikers stood in scattered groups on route 91 which runs through Springfield, Mass. and Hartford, Conn. On 95 running from New Haven down to Washington they manned every entrance ramp. In Delaware and Maryland more than half the vehicles-- cars, converted buses, real buses, VW micro-buses, chartered buses, trucks and whatnot were full of people traveling to Washington-- only then did it become obvious how big this rally was going to be.

People with packs and sleeping bags were on every sidewalk and standing on every corner of downtown Washington. They wandered around the Washington Monument and nearby George Washington University where there were tables set up in all the dorms to help people find housing. The police drove speaker cars up to the monument about 9:00 and announced that the area would have to be cleared; camping space was available in Potomac Park, which faces the back of the White house from behind the Washington Monument.

Tents, camp fires, people strewn about in sleeping bags surrounded the tidal basin which lies in front of the Jefferson Memorial. Beyond the memorial was a field filled with cars, free kitchens and various camping paraphernalia.

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MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

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College Council Discusses Judicial Council and MORE

The first matter considered at the College Council meeting on April 21 was the structure of the Judicial Council. Mr. O'Brien suggested that instead of the present system, which contains an ad hoc Disciplinary Committee (used only once this year), a College Council Subcommittee be set up to handle appeals. The new appeal board would consist of two students elected by the College Council from its members, and two faculty members. Mrs. Wonnacott said she felt the present arrangement was unsatisfactory because the members of the Disciplinary Committee were too out of touch with the government of the college.

Mr. O'Brien next brought up the problem of mailboxes. Since there will be 1800 students here next year, the already bad situation will be intolerable. Various proposals were made, including moving the gameroom, the Bandroom, the bookstore, and the SDU grottos to permit expansion of the mail facilities sufficiently to achieve the goal of 'one student--one mailbox.' No decision was reached.

There was a discussion on turning the Hepburn Zoo over to a group, perhaps supervised by Mr. Barenbaum, for a small theater. It was decided by unanimous vote to allot $1000 for this purpose. This leaves $4040 to be used for a crafts center here. The college would purchase several pottery wheels and a small kiln, which would probably be set up in Hillcrest. Students could receive instruction (primarily in ceramics) at the new vocational high school, and compete their projects here at the crafts center.

The last order of business was a decision not to fund The Kaleidoscope next year.

OLD CHAPEL NOTES

Stewart, Hepburn, Allen and the Battells will be used for parents and alumni over graduation weekend. Students are to leave 24 hours after their last exam and all must be out by Thursday morning, May 27th. Seniors, choir members, dining hall workers and class marshalls may remain with notification to the Deans' office by May 7th.

Students who want to store things over the summer should meet with Mr. Commins and take their belongings to the storage room with him. Otherwise, things are apt to get lost. Advise: pack early -- take all valuables with you.

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The March started at 12:00 Saturday morning from Ellipse in back of the White House. People had been gathering there all morning. Because of the warm Spring sunshine many found the reflecting pool and the various fountains in the area condusive to swimming. As the crowds gathered they seemed friendly and festive. No one seemed sure of which direction the march was going to take until the Bread and Puppet Theatre led the way and various delegations fell in behind the Vietnam Veterans for Peace who led the march. Student groups, socialist groups, Veterans, occupational groups, the Americans for Democratic Action, Union groups, Fem Lib groups, Gay Lib groups, Civil rights groups, Unweisite groups, Trotskyites, Muskie Workers for Peace, every type of group imaginable was present. Not only were there more people than had ever attended a Peace demonstration before, but there was a greater diversity of people than ever before; old people, hard hats, non-Vietnam Veterans, etc.

The march was peaceful. The only small incident was set off by a group of American Nazi Party members who were staging a counter demonstration. There were more placards than in previous demonstrations, but less chanting-- there was no need to shout; the marchers knew that their presence was louder than their voices. The message was clear-- Out Now.

The Speeches at the rally were short and predictable--union leaders, veterans, church leaders, student radicals, a few old suffragettes and a host of Senators and Representatives spoke. Entertainment was provided by the old standbys, Peter, Paul and Mary, Pete Seeger Phil Ochs, John Hartford, and Country Joe McDonald.

The Rally ended about 6:30. Many then left and the city exits were jammed. An all night rock concert-sleep-in was held on the Washington Monument. About 50,000 people, most of them under 30, literally slept together at the Sylvan Theatre on the monument grounds. The area within heaving distance of the stage was so packed with reclinging bodies it took hours to walk a short distance. Even the paths that had been cleared were so crowded with pedestrians that any movement at all was a struggle. From the top of the monument hill, cars, campfires, tents, sleepers in their sleeping bags were visible as far as one could see. The area from the ellipse to the end of Potomac Park had been turned into an adhoc youth community.

The whole affair was definitely over Sunday morning as most picked up their belongings and started to leave in their vehicles or in the vehicles they rented or hitched rides from. A core group is going to "stay for May" and many will as they have written on their cars "return in May," but this action in the Spring Offensive against the war came to a close Sunday morning.

This was the most successful anti-war demonstration that has been held thus far. It had much more depth and breadth than any previous demonstrations; it would appear that the silent majority is swiftly disintegrating. Richard Nixon, unfortunately, was not in town this weekend; it would appear that he would much rather pull out of Washington than Vietnam.

Over the past decade the American people have been told that the Federal Government was going to engineer the new frontier, the great society and a new American revolution. The American people have been told that American boys would not fight an Asian war; that their President had a secret plan for peace; that their President had an unannouncable date of withdrawal; that their President would bring them a generation of peace, and that this war is the last war. Well, if the American people want a great society and if they want peace it will have to come from the people, it will have to start from the bottom, it will not be engineered from the top. The people are beginning to realize this.

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Confessions of a Dismissed English Teacher

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wanted the whale. I was rich in experience, poor in purpose. People who teach habitually in such a manner must feel that their students are unworthy of knowing what they know—or else that they themselves are unworthy for having learned what they have learned. My existential flights always circle back to a relatively simple conception of what I do: I am being paid to teach something which I know but which my students do not know and cannot easily learn by themselves.

Why else should anybody pay a teacher? It is folly to ornament the curriculum with rock music and mixed media. Anyone who requires an expensive teacher to understand such matters should probably go back and repeat high school. And it is folly for students to demand that their classrooms provide them with human experience. The classroom is art—living does not require a teacher. One can be taught about conceptions of human experience and about ways of expressing those conceptions. But one does not pay a stranger (or a friend) to provide him with an experience, except, of course, in a whorehouse or a lonely hearts club. Hopefully I provide knowledge. Experience is only my most precious text.

By and large Middlebury collects superb students. I hold fast to this conclusion even though, God knows, I have disparaged them often enough, damning the whole lot as faddish aristocrats, crackerbarrel reformers, benumbed skiers, lazy grade-grinders, and whining brats. God knows too many of them are spoiled rotten and insolent in their ignorance, their campus politics the blind cry of a pampered child insisting on his pet privilege. "I want to clean my own room!" What happens to the man or woman who supports four children by cleaning their "own" room? "I want to, and Dean O'Brien keeps treating us like fucking children!" The political life of Middlebury College has puzzled me no end. I stand amazed that the few students who, like Steve Early, manage to develop a formidable politics are almost universally disprised or ignored. I cannot pretend to full agreement with Steve Early, but I imagine that his long series of articles in the Campus, carefully reasoned and carefully researched, represent more hard thought than all the vague mysticism of our many pure eaters and media freaks, our many minions of the counter kulchur.

When I first arrived here, I was content with the following description of Middlebury students. "This place," I said if asked, "provides an average student more competent than the average student I taught at Columbia; what Middlebury lacks is the occasional Jewish genius." But since that first year I have encountered my share of driven prophets and tortured neurotics, burning with gem-like flame. I have discovered students whose unnatural and probably unhealthy intensity about literature nearly matched my own. Several of these offered no outward signs to call attention to their passions—no emblematic hair style, no eccentricity of dress or behavior. Here was matter for contemplation: before me sat a girl in matching sweater and skirt, hair neatly combed and held with a gold-plated clasp, sharp pencil poised above her new notebook, looking like nothing so much as an executive secretary for the local dairy farm. Middlebury could be proud of this sweet surface! If Old Chapel had its way, every parent on vacation, every visiting dignitary would be guided through Johnson Hall by this prim creature! She probably had butterflies on her bra—surely her room was decorated with pastel paper flowers. A good girl indeed, her clean bright cheeks gleaming with small-town American purity. One felt that a colorful run of obscenity would violate her delicate nature and call forth the dearest blush ever registered by a wounded heart. But no! Inside there lived an outlaw, a profoundly imaginative mind more capable of searching out the psychological obscenity of a Shakespearean crime than that tough liberated chick on the other side of the room, the one the goat liked best, sprawling about with her boots, dark stockings, tossed hair, experienced eyes and quick ironic mouth.

At Middlebury the goat had to adjust to a new phenomenon—the square as genius. I only wish that students themselves could learn to make these adjustments. I wish their culture, its rituals of exclusion, were not so fiercely rigid. More, I wish students might learn to learn from other students. For however much they speak of dialogue, community, and communication, I have noticed in course after course that when another student is speaking, the collective mind switches off. The simple fact is that students, regardless of their theory of ideal education, will only tolerate learning from teachers. They do not recognize their own best heads and most fecund wits.

The faculty at Middlebury has seemed to me an unhappy group. It cannot be entirely their fault—indeed, I have been unhappy here in many ways. Always I have felt the strong impression that this institution was doing me a favor by paying me to teach here. Rarely have I enjoyed the more desirable impression that I was doing the institution a favor by choosing to teach here. One always seemed ultimately unneeded and officially expendable. I have watched as extraordinarily talented men slipped through the fumbling fingers of this college. In one case, I would rather have (had it been my choice) closed it up forever than see so remarkable a teacher leave my institution. As if such a man could be replaced from the current crop at Princeton! These unjustifiable losses cannot help but promote insecurity among the younger faculty.

> "I wish students might learn to learn from other students."

Tenure is unusually visible at Middlebury College—and unusually confusing, for one can never be certain of just what Middlebury wishes to be. From the public oratory and public prose one understands that Middlebury hopes to become nothing less than a first-rate liberal arts college with a vigorous faculty composed of distinguished intellectuals—in a word, high-pressured. But some of the men who speak these orations and write these pamphlets obviously came to Middlebury, Vermont precisely because it had not high-pressured. What lies beneath the patina of conventional greatness? It does not seem as if this school is expecially eager to reward scholarship—we teach too much to write, and one supposes that someone somewhere knows that an institution like ours with a library like ours can never join the ivy league.

Are we, then, a collection of dedicated teachers, obligated to the classroom hour and not to the public dialogue of disciplined scholarship? Do we hire and fire on this basis? Certainly we are not a community of scholars, though there are scholars in our community. We make too few communal gestures toward the truth. Nor do we, dazzled by the sparkling ironies of the cocktail party, often ask each other about our "work." I have sometimes wondered whether most of us were not engaged in one continuous, solemn, and desperate attempt to forget that we are academics—a symptom of the decay of civilization not unknown at many colleges today. We seem dispirited at our work, happiest when we are forgetting it. This spiritual disease may account for the cute but pallid curriculum of our Winter Term, may account in part for the dismal failure of that experiment.

Some—the best—wait for the golden time, always in the future, when their private notion of ideal education will fit the circumstance. Waiting they grow old. The faculty has spent so much time this year reorganizing its executive structure, tinkering with the composition of its committees like a nervous girl incessantly perfecting her hair. In the meantime questions worth talking about, questions really worth our time, go without a hearing. If Middlebury, rapidly becoming Middlingburied, must freeze the size of its faculty and increase the size of its enrollment in order to maintain itself financially, can the school continue to tolerate its traditional budget? As classes get larger, teachers more overworked and therefore more dispirited, should the institution support so luxurious an athletic program? Do we require so extensive an offering in the sciences? Are we willing to accept the readjustments in admission policy which might eventually give those scientists something to do?

The only executive reorganization which seems really necessary to my cold eye is the department system. There are absurdities within the structure itself. Why should drama be a part of English, and expected to fit itself into a sequence of requirements which have little if anything to do with theatrical performance? (If the Shakespeare scholar disagrees, I invite him to take his cleverly metaphorical Othello up on the stage against an actor's Iago.) Why should American literature be separate from English literature? But these are merely the defective wheels of a bad watch—the structure is itself absurd, particularly in a college of this size. Since the old vocational major has no significance anymore, for graduate schools as well as students, why do we need departments at all? Why must the school persist with the fruitless intericene quarrels which departments inevitably inspire? It would seem obvious that the more unnecessary government one has, the more senseless bickering and petty resentment one has. The faculty could do better without departments and the students could do better without majors. A definitive resolution of all these issues might go some little way toward solving the impossibly prolonged identity crisis of Middlebury College. Things so old as colleges should not long remain uncertain of their allegiances.

Much could be accomplished without any executive action whatsoever—without meetings and debates and committees. The persistent ill-will between students and faculty proceeds, I think, from an ironic misunderstanding. Though I am no Norman Mailer, much less a Henry James, I might with your permission consider for a moment the situation of Professor X. This man is no longer young. Once he waited for an instant of supreme exertion and dreamed of rearranging the foundations of his discipline. Now he dreams of mortgages, vacations, and lighter teaching loads. But he is a serious man and he takes some pride in the innumerable psychological events which define the classroom hour. While his students remain just so young from year to year, he ages—it is the tragic condition of all teachers that they alone in the academic community more onward toward the grave. His students are, like figures on a canvas, eternally young, eternally discovering those things which students eternally discover.

Like everyone else, Professor X reads magazines and newspapers, watches TV. He knows why his classes seem different in recent years. He knows that some rough beast is stirring the young, that this generation claims a unique and staggering privilege: they are reconsidering every aspect of Western culture even before they have learned some aspects of Western culture. There are signs of Apocalypse. His own generation is blamed for everything. They tell him that he has failed utterly, for he has dedicated himself to three dying institutions—American government,

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Last year's Demolition Derby: Bill Pettit cuts off Gar Miller and Dick DelNunzio.

Y.O.U. Plans for Summer Camp

Continued from page 1

turn to act as junior counselors. They, and other junior counselors in the coming years, could then form the heart of the follow-up program at the Prince Street School during the school year.

The camp staff, selected largely from the Middlebury College student body, will probably number about twelve this summer including a cook and a secretary. The staff members all receive some salary for their total eight weeks of work, but the pay scale is determined wholely on the basis of need. Last summer, salaries ranged from $50. to $630.

Both the staff and the campers live in fraternity and-or college housing. The college also donates the use of such facilities as the swimming pool and the library, and secretarial time during the college year. Arnold McKinney, Campus Administrator for Camp Y.O.U., describes the whole program as "an independent organization dependent on the facilities and good will of the college."

The financial foundation upon which Camp Y.O.U. operates is shaky at best. The camp receives essentially no income directly due to its operation, and the budget for a summer reaches between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars. Two years ago the Turrell Foundation granted $4500. to Y.O.U. for that summer. The grant was made for that one year only, as it was an unusual organization for Turrell to be dealing with. After repeated requests, the grant was repeated for a second summer, on the understanding, however, that the money could not possibly be granted for a third year. This year Middlebury College will supply that $4500.; the remainder of the budget must be raised from donations from anyone who cares to contribute any amount. As mentioned earlier, Y.O.U. sponsors a number of college activities to raise money, but it is dependent for the bulk of its budget on contributions, specifically from the Middlebury College community. Arnold McKinney, who is responsible for the financial aspect of Y.O.U., says that the response of college faculty and staff to a recent plea for donations has been very poor so far. He is hopeful that the forthcoming campaign for student contributions will be more successful. He would remind everyone that all contributions to Y.O.U. are tax deductable. Checks may be made out to "Camp Y.O.U. - Middlebury College" and sent to Old Chapel.

Nearly everyone involved in the staff work of Camp Y.O.U. agrees that the self-confidence gained by the campers while in Middlebury, and the individual work of counselors with the campers, are some of the strongest values of the program. Beyond this, opinions vary. Marshall Forstein says he believes that the fun of the camp program is probably the most valuable, immediate aspect of the session for the campers themselves. Some counselors are skeptical of the long-range values of the program as far as concerns a real improvement in language arts abilities. Arnold, who sees the campers' heightened self-images as the strongest accomplishment of Camp Y.O.U., is confident, however, that the value of the program is not in the chance for the kids to get into the country, away from the city, which is a traditional attitude among camps dealing with the problems of inner-city kids. "These kids love the city," says Arnold, and after six weeks in Vermont, they are ready and anxious to return to New Haven. In any case, as the 1970 report of Youth Opportunity Unlimited states, "Within the limitations of the present budget and time, Camp y.o.u. was concluded with a general sense of having 'accomplished something'."

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on other campuses

Two candidates for Worcester City Council are from Clark University in Worcester, Mass. Lynda Myers and Eric Poulos, both on the Socialist Workers ticket, are running on the platform of the support of Black liberation, Women's liberation, and antiwar movement. At the same time, Poulos protested the removal of his name from the city's voter registration lists, thereby making him ineligible to run his candidacy.

Lafayette College's Student Council suggest that the Board of Trustees support "Campaign GM" by a vote of 21 to two, with one abstention. The vote, however, was not binding on the Board of Trustees.

In similar action, Dartmouth College is presently engaged in trying to make Gulf Oil Corp. (of which the College is a substantial shareholder -- some 49,000 shares) reexamine its present policy regarding overseas investment in general and specifically to the Portuguese colony of Angola.

The four essential points to the action are; 1) establish a committee to look into Gulf's Angolan operations and report to the shareholders; 2) make Gulf's charitable contributions a matter of public record, and thus increase corporate accountability; 3) expand the Corporation's Board of Directors to make possible representation of the numerous constituencies affected by Gulf's operations; and 4) terminate the Corporation's operations in colonially controlled areas, such as Portuguese Angola.

Wesleyan's Chancellor Robert A. Rosenbaum announced that the College will make a $9000 grant available to the elementary and secondary school education in Middletown, Conn. Of this amount $6000 will actually go to the educational system in direct funds. The other $3000 will go to teacher education, which it is expected will eventually benefit the school system of Middletown. "By making the major portion or our allocation to CAUSE (Community And University Services for Education) we hope to increase the effectiveness of Wesleyan's aid to the schools by permitting more flexible and discriminate uses." said Rosenbaum.

An all-day celebration of the signing of the People's Peace Treaty was held at the University of North Carolina on the 14th of April which included nationally-known speakers, a debate, a march, workshops, films, entertainment and a street dance.

Wesleyan College's faculty endorsed a University Senate vote to withold paychecks from faculty members who handed in late grades or no grades at all. The time limit is 72 hours after the final exam.

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An Anatomy of Astrology; Sun, Stars, and Saggitarius

by Ron Duquette

"It is not in the stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

I will not insult the reader's intelligence by indulging in the foolishness of the daily horoscopes or the weekly horoscopes given in the newspapers or the magazines; this I hold no stock in, personally. What I will try to do is to cover different aspects of astrology that are interesting, informative, or perhaps even amusing.

In this article I'll speak briefly of the history of astrology. We know from ancient manuscripts that the study of the movements of the heavens reaches back at least to the ancient Babylonians (3000 B.C.); and there may be definitive evidence of the ancient Egyptians having studied the heavens before the Babylonians did. The Bible itself has a reference to the use of the stars and planets as guidelines: "And God said: 'Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens.., and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years,...'" (Genesis: I: 14).

Later on, the Church of Rome took a rather antagonistic and negative attitude toward the study, starting particularly about the twelfth century, and climaxing with the trial of Copernicus in the early seventeenth century. Before the advent of Copernicus, there was no division between astrology and astronomy; they were one and the same. However, after the Church took an intense dislike to what Copernicus said, a division between astrology and astronomy did take place, the one attemping to describe the effect that the planets and the stars had on man, the other attempting to describe and discover the movements of the heavens. The two should have worked hand in hand. They did, and do, not.

By the end of the Renaissance, astrology was taking a nosedive in popularity. Due to the fact that the astrologers had to go underground to save their skins, and that the various churches were condemming it thunderingly from the pulpit as an instrument of the devil, the astrologers did not have much of an opportunity to explain their study. As it turned out, astrology went dormant except for those few who dared to practice it, and that at risk of being burnt as witches or warlocks. Nearly 300 years after Copernicus, an American astrologer, Evangeline Adams, created quite a stir at the end of the nineteenth century by accurately describing a man, both in physique and in character by merely studying the natal chart of this man. This incident took place at a trial for murder in New York City. The accuracy of her prognostication was later reinforced by a book she wrote: Astrology: Your Place in the Sun. With this book, astrology began to enjoy a renaissance of interest and some serious study, which eventually grew into full-fledged interest with the song "Aquarius" from the musical Hair. The world hasn't been quite the same since.

Now that I've briefly, albeit incompletely covered the history of astrology, the articles in the future will deal with the individual sun-signs, the significance of the individual planets, and any other questions that happen to come across my mind, or yours. If you happen to have any questions about astrology that you'd like answered, please write to R. Duquette, Box C 697.

town news

Middlebury Selectmen ordered the town information booth moved from its current site at Court Square during a meeting last year. Since then, several sites have been studied and turned down.

The latest suggestion was made by Mr. Horton. He recommended that the booth be moved to the recreation park. This would place it behind and a little to the north of Simond's Texaco Service station, and would provide it with a parking lot.

The motion, however, was defeated.

A new 80,000 square-foot shopping plaza to be located on Route 7 South of Middlebury is now in its planning stage. The center would include a supermarket as well as a department store. Several details such as parking, sewage facilities and waste water disposal will have to be worked out before the proposal is accepted.

The present counter area of the lunch and soda fountain at the Vermont Drug Store will be replaced by an expanded greeting card department and displays. The decision was made by the new Vermont Drug owner who purchased the store a month ago.

A revision of traffic regulations was taken up by the Middlebury Selectmen last week. Speed limits, parking restrictions, new road signs, street name changes, were all suggestions that will be voted on by the Selectmen after an ordinance is drawn up by an attorney. If passed, they will become law.

A new town charter is presently being worked on by the recently organized Middlebury Charter Commission, with Mrs. Victor Nuovo as commission chairman. A target date of November, 1971, has been set for a special town meeting to vote upon a proposed charter. The new document will be reviewed before and after this meeting by town officials, agencies and residents.

Middlebury Selectmen voted to remodel the front of the 60-year-old Municipal Building. The plans include removing the front doors, putting bricks and windows in the hole and making an office out of the inside recess where the front stairs are.

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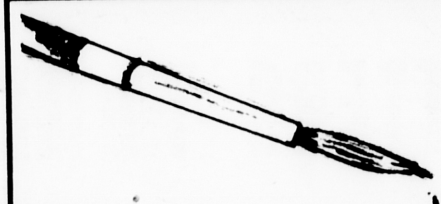
tel. 7778



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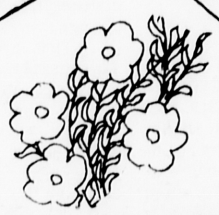

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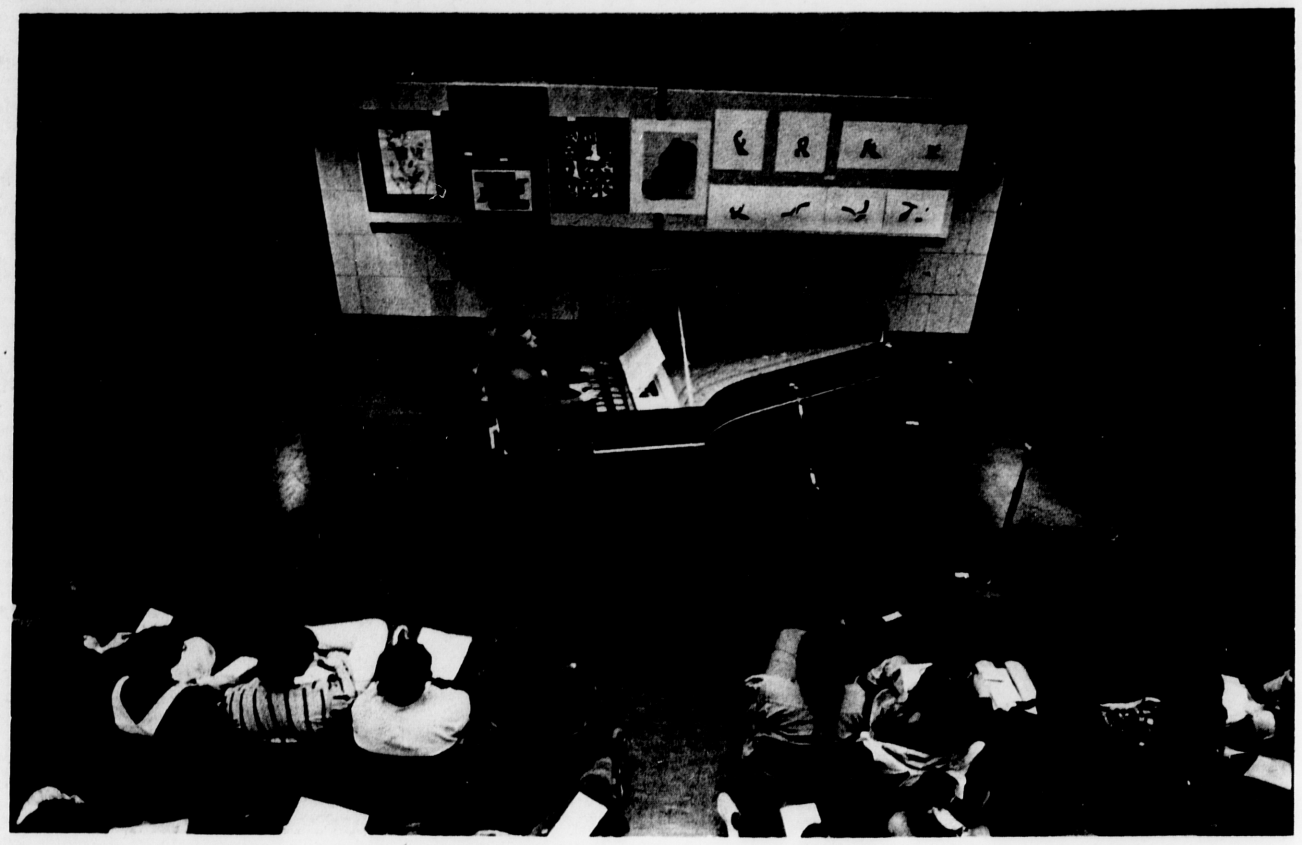

Mr. Todd in concert (Photo by Skip Atwater)

20th century music: learning through composing

by Kathy Conant

Out of Mr. Todd's MU 325 class, "Music in the Twentieth Century," grew the idea that one of the best ways to study a kind of music is to play it or compose it yourself. As a result, Mr. Todd's class is presenting two concerts for the performance of contemporary music. The first concert, today, at 4:30 in Johnson, Part I, is a presentation of two works by modern composers, Stravinsky and Hindemith, plus three Schumann piano pieces, for contrast.

Eight talented Middlebury musicians are playing the delightful, but difficult, Stravinsky Octet. The performers are Eddie Seymore, flute, Jordan Engel, clarinet, Jim Anderson and Art Deske, trumpets, Leslie Lashinsky and Rachel Brunstetter, bassoons, and John McConald and Scott Helmers, trombones. With great musicians playing Stravinsky's most lyrical, charming octet, this certainly is a performance not to be missed.

This first concert also includes a Hindemith flute sonato, played by Marjorie Balgooyen, and James Rugen, a pupil of Mrs. Kurtzman's, playing three Schumann piano pieces, "Arabesque," "Grillen," and "Aufschwung." As most music concerts at Middlebury tend to present more traditional works, this first concert is a great opportunity to hear some contemporary music for a change.

The second concert, Part II, promises to be even more exciting. This concert, scheduled for next Tuesday evening, at 8:15 in Mead Chapel, is a performance of original compositions, written expressly for this concert by Middlebury students and faculty. Peter Hamlin has written a piece for tape and lights. His object in this piece is to present the instrument (in this case, tape and lights) as a process, a way of doing something. The lights and tape are set together in a kind of counterpoint with no real focus as each has its own structure.

Tony Ricos is doing a phase piece he composed. This is a type of electronic music where a series of sounds are recorded on two or more channels and the various tracks played against each other at different speeds so that the sounds move in and out of phase with each other.

Bob Eddy and company are performing a piece, written by Bob, for bottles. If you have been in the lecture room in Johnson recently, you may have seen several sets or racks hung with sawed-off bottles, broken lampshades and other articles of glassware and pottery. This is Bob's "instrument" and the piece should prove to be as exciting as the device it's played on.

Not to be outdone by his students, Mr. Todd's "Stasis" is also going to be performed. Have you ever repeated a word over and over until it changes quality? Mr. Todd's piece is the musical equivalent of this phenomenon. By repeating or sustaining one vote, or a cluster of notes, for a long time, Mr. Todd accomplishes very interesting effects in this piece for organ and piano. The idea is to really hear a note or event as if listening through an audio-magnifying glass. The object of the work is to present a piece of music which virtually stands still. The piece also focuses on the problem of attack. An organ note played backwards sounds the same played forwards; the attack is the same as the release. A piano note, on the other hand, has a definite beginning. The piece requires six players, three at the organ, three on the piano, one of whom plays the strings inside the piano behind the hammers. Mr. Todd confided that in rehearsing "Stasis," several fuses on the organ were blown, much to Dr. Fanning's vexation. If this is any indication of what the piece is like, it should be a real experience in sound.

Don't miss these two great concerts, today at 4:30 in Johnson and Tuesday at 8:15 in Mead Chapel. For the chance to hear modern music and original compositions presented in two exciting, free concerts, how can you go wrong? See you there.

Fortier Concert Raucous

The violin is a devilishly difficult instrument to play, and Francis Fortier made this fact all too painfully evident in his Concert-Film Series recital Sunday evening. Mr. Fortier's violin, did not whisper suavely when he played quietly, nor did it speak with elegance and brilliance when he played loudly; but the tone he drew from it was raucous; he played out of tune; and he generated no musical flow or dialog, but indeed ignored his accompanist; except when he tuned his instrument, he never even glanced at her.

All this time, she, Joan Olsen never dropped a note; she played, unlike Mr. Fortier, with competence; but without expression. It is hard to tell whether she is a fine musician, holding herself in check to avoid outshining Mr. Fortier, or whether she is more simply just a dull instrumentalist.

The Telemann was uninteresting; the Beethoven, a good dialog piece, was played, as I said, without dialog. The Chausson Poeme was histrionic and shallow: the Middlebury audience senselessly applauded each piece; listeners who were members of the Concert-Film Committee danced around in embarrassment; the tulips on the altar behind the piano slowly wilted; your reviewer left at intermission.

J.A.

Auchinclos

by Paul Blocklyn

Those who attended the forty-first Julian W. Abernethy lecture on Wednesday night of last week heard a fine attempt to deal with a rather difficult subject: the artistic development of a novelist, that is, a selection and interpretation of the series of environmental and intellectual forces that help to mold the creative person.

The speaker was Louis Auchincloss, and his subject was "Edith Wharton, The Development of an Artist." Mr. Auchincloss took care to explain that he would deal with Mrs. Wharton's literary development from the point of view of her life, rather than attempting to give a critical analsis of her work itself.

This decision to separate the artist from her work was undoubtedly caused by the pro-

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He ran he ran and discovered quite slow
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LETTERS TO THE

PROTEST "DOWN HILL" LETTER

To the Editor:

It has been my understanding that the "Campus" published only signed letters. I was wrong. I have also in the past credited the editors with a basic comprehension of what constituted libel. I was clearly wrong about that as well. I refer them to the dictionary definition under law. The unsigned letter in response to my article may then encourage the editors to educate themselves in the rudiments of journalism. Perhaps they will go so far as to familiarize themselves with the meaning of the word slander; for that is what this letter is.

I shall say nothing further about the matter other than to point out two things: obviously I cannot respond to the writer of the letter except to express my pity for someone who feels he must hide behind anonymity; I shall not contribute in the future anything to the "Campus" under current editorial practice.

Robert W. Hill, Jr.

To the Editor:

I would like to express a dislike of the tactics of whoever wrote the personal attack on Robert Hill in the last issue. I have not taken the course in question, but being a student and a good friend of Mr. Hill, I would like to make clear my subjective view which is this: put up or shut up. If you are too frightened to print your name, I would just as soon not hear any more out of you. Thank you.

David Munford

To the Editor:

As a Senior, majoring in English, who had to survive TWO semesters of English 101, I read the letter from "Name Witheld" with interest. Anonymity on this small campus is difficult to achieve, thus we tend increasingly to strive for it. However, anonymity has its place and I, for one, do not feel it lies in the criticism, both personal and professional, of a man and his methods. If you have a gripe—and you may have a very legitimate one—have the guts to sign your name to it.

Also, thought I was not in Mr. Hills's section my freshman year, my "introspections" were subject to criticism. They were discussed on a face-to-face basis in my instructor's office after almost every effort. It made me a better writer, but sometimes it almost defeated me because I never saw other people's mistakes or triumphs. For all I knew, I was the only person in that class who was doing so well—or so poorly. Praise from one opinion is easy to accept, criticism difficult. Somehow, either one is made more believable when it results from a discussion in which several opinions take part. I believe in the value of comparing the work of a group of students and when I'm in that group, I would rather have my work mimeographed than have to stand up and read it aloud. Anonymity has its place!

Laura Krebill

To the Editor:

I beg to differ with the strangely anonymous author of

oss Lecture: Competent but Limited in Scope

blem of time; Mr. Auchincloss only had an hour in which to give his presentation. But there s some question whether any serious writer of fiction can indeed be dealt with without reference to his (or her) literary achievement. Most "important" fiction is not really fiction at all, but the author's personal experience filtered through the distorting and exaggerative lense of his creative consciousness. It is an established fact that second-hand creative work - work which comes not from the writer's own experiences but from something which he has not encountered directly, something alien to him - such second-hand work almost always results in second or third-rate art. One must also take into account the autobiographical strain in American fiction, particularly since the beginning of the twentieth century.

A strictly biographical approach is one thing, but an analysis of artistic development is somewhat different. A biography is a presentation of facts which may then be interpreted in their own light; a critical attempt, even if the criticism only involves a selection of influences, must nevertheless include some criticism of the product of these influences. Without reference to any of Mrs. Wharton's fiction, one had the feeling that Mr. Auchincloss' lecture was left hanging in the air. A person unfamiliar with the work of Edith Wharton might have been interested by her life, but his interest was frustrated in his own lack of knowledge of its relation to her writing, a relation that was not explained by Mr. Auchincloss. A detailed look at her novels was hardly possible in the amount of time given, but an occasional reference to "The Age of Innocence" or "The House of Mirth" would have given the lecture a sense of balance which this listener did not feel.

Within the context of the lecture itself, Mr. Auchincloss was perfectly right in pinpointing a bad marriage as the major creative impulse for Mrs. Wharton. The marriage was a doomed one from the beginning. The match between a shy, unattractive, sensitive and high-strung young woman and an easy-going, handsome, boorish middle-aged man without intellectual interests was hopelessly incompatible. There seems to ba a general trend toward sublimation in literature; a good artist can transform his personal misery and sense of failure into high artistic achievement. A world without suffering would undoubtedly be a world without art. The combined forces of her family's indifference and even embarrassment at her writing and the torment of an unsympathetic husband drove Edith Wharton to a furious desire to write. The power of this impulse is evident in the enormity of her creative output, which includes some fifty volumes of fiction and criticism. Twenty years of marital unhappiness in the closed world of fashionable society led her to create what Richard Poirier has called "a world elsewhere" - a highly structured and complicated world of the imagination.

Mr Auchincloss felt that the tragedy of Mrs. Wharton's literary development was that the intellectual sterility of her permanent social situation left her intellect to develop in isolation. It may be, however, that this isolation was actually beneficial to her growth as a writer. In his Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech, Ernest Hemingway stated that a writer must go frather out than anyone else has gone before, out to a point where no one can help him but himself. It is true that, in spite of friends like Paul Borget, Henry James, and the major figure of Walter Berry, Edith Wharton was intellectually isolated. But perhaps this is the necessary condition for a good writer, so that

Continued on page 8

E RAN

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Anna Warrock

(Photo by Skip Atwater)

Jimmy Hartman (right) shows deep concern for agonies of Seth Steinzor in production of *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

E EDITOR

the "Down Hill" letter of the previous Campus issue. As a member of Mr. Hill's (and Mr. Price's) Winter Term Composition Course, I posit that his classroom technique has everything to do with his views on the development of "self" through writing.

At least one similar attack on the class crit system was voiced in the Winter Term course at the end of the first week of classes. A member of the class called the meetings "horrible cut-up sessions" which served only to "erode everyone's confidence." However, in the same piece, he called the writings "conceited, prettied-up versions of everyone's little problems." I repeat, this was after one week of meetings. By the end of the month, I believe that the class had progressed far beyond this hyper-sensitive and overly-personal reaction to criticism, to the realization that the crit was on the writings (reprinted anonymously), and not on the person. We came, often, to recognize as faulty the attitudes which previously we had defended so vehemently.

It is sad that "Down Hill"'s author never got that far. He or she has thoroughly misinterpreted the system--it seems fairly obvious to me that the class crit serves to afford the writer with a broader range of opinions, as well as an opportunity to respond to criticism other than that of the lone professor's written comments.

The examples for analysis in such a class, of necessity, are deficient in some particular respect, although there can be a balance of exemplary work presented. This balance existed during Winter Term. Perhaps only in this way can a student become aware of the shortcomings common to amateur writing. Does the Letter-writer really think that the object of the selections was ridicule? If so, and if he considers the criticisms of peers as scorn, he is missing the great potential rewards of the system: if the criticisms do, indeed, comprise scorn, this is obviously a reflection on the character of the class members.

In the end, rather than alienation and discombort, mutual respect and admiration and

Continued on page 9

God disposes ... and Harris proposes

William Harris

May I address a few remarks to the Middlebury academic community. It is important for me to speak in as few words as possible in this context, since it is already sheer weight of words that is killing us. Two guidelines: Fuller has remarked that he never registers a complaint until he has a fairly clear idea for resolving the situation; to which amen. And Aeschylos; I speak to those who understand.. and so if some of you haven't the faintest idea of what I am about, fine; there's no time to tell you all about it now.

1) Something is changing, and, it's changing fast. This is at last apparent to Mr. Jones, and Mr. Dean and Mr. Mayor, and one of these days it's going to be apparent to Mr. Taxpayer. The texture of society, and of understanding is going through serious mutations, and even if we are not explicit about the exact nature of the changes, we sense the depth and pervasiveness at this stage.

2) The gains are high...a new perceptiveness, a new sense of real morality now that much of the same morality has been cleared out, a sense of awe at things and a new understanding of some form of contemplation. But there are losses, and the prime loss may turn out to be the loss of the ability to work. Of course it is about time that we began to see through the work ethic, and blind work, and others' work even when it was unprofitable and evil. We have to pause, stop, see. But work is a real part of our psychological nature, and it has been said that the healthy individual is one who can love and work.

3) Let me transfer this to the academic situation. We have left behind many of the old rigidities, academic work for business' sake, the grind for marks, blind pleasing of the teacher for advancement. What is left shows pretty clearly as an anachronism. But we have not yet found self-oriented processes, self direction, and made the work we do our own thing. Having generated a natural anger at dumb and brute work, we seem to have lost patience with work itself.

I see classes of gifted students, totally ready for something new, exciting and self oriented, but by their own admission many of them still need reading lists, syllabi, and turn up with pathetically weak engagement. Why? Lack of interest, lack of backbone? Not a chance...It's lack of tools.

Man is not man without his tools and his techniques. It is always going to be important to refresh ourselves at times with new opening of perception, and Being is for us in the Western tradition a new art in itself. But the inheritance of the world—that comes another way.

I see three stages of the process by which we are going to have to face the world, which is now at a stage which demands that it be taken. No longer can we contemplate a simplicistic cop-out in favor of life in the country. First we must come into a full use of the tools and techniques which we already have at our disposal. Fuller has pointed out this more complete use as a basic surviva necessity. Second, we must develop a group of people capable of generating new operational techniques, not only in industry where the dollars count, but in the society at large, where other things count even more heavily. And third, we must become conscious of that strange area between making of the new and consummate handling of what is

Continued on page 10

Confessions of a Dismissed Teacher...

Continued from page 3

higher education and marriage. Now, he can protect himself against these threats, he is too sophisticated to be blown down by the windbags of Apocalypse, but the sheer volume of the debate has had its effect. Living among the young, dying among the young, Professor X feels always on the defensive. Partly it is self-pity He has worked so hard for self-repsect, only to earn the disrespect of millions. He cannot relax long enough to appreciate a bare and shapely thigh without receiving the epithet "male chauvinist." Fem lib-- hopefully the last of the liberations-- has come down like the huge rubber stamp to brand his richest eroticism CENCELIED. The young, who have done nothing, wonder why he has not done everything. And now they attack the last refuge of his peace-- the fantasy life. Partly it is jealousy, secret jealousy. For surely he was young too early, surely it must be more exciting to be young right now. There is, to be frank, a more energetic pursuit of pleasure. There are also more occasions for moral, and even physical, heroism. There are more thrilling postures available these days. Everyone wishes to be respected for their virtues and loved for their vices: nothing more satisfying than the naughty gleam in the eye of the man who, though he lives among angels, belongs in part to the country of the devil.

In his day, he enjoyed the pleasure of secret sin when he alluded, in front of his parents, to drinking at the fraternity house, when he told the good girl he married about that night on the lonely country road.... He might reasonably have expected to enjoy the delights of urbanity with his students. Professor X is a man who chose his profession so that he might live always among angels. But now the satisfactions of Satan are heady indeed and all his comfortable rakishness would hardly do for a high-school freshman. His vices, once a comfort, have been robbed of dignity. If he is very honest, Professor X will admit that much of his resentment derives from one incontrovertible fact: he will die before his students die. In another world this burden might have been bearable, but the students have, by experiencing so much so soon, denied him the joys of his own experience. They dare to patronize his sense of decadence! Not having lived enough, Professor X never enjoys contemplating his life. He is imprisoned with a perception which unsettles the professional teacher in him: perhaps, just perhaps, his students know more about this fleshy world than he does.

Some students, hating to study dead men, hating the past itself, seem to worry his raw edges in an almost calculated way. As his own family labored and sacrificed so that he might attend college, these students seem to insult that difficult love. Everything comes so easy to them, and still they expect endless examples of special consideration So minimally lovable, they demand to be loved. He went to college to get ahead, to make something of himself-- his submerged motive, hidden even from himself, was to be initiated into a youth culture. Today they go to college in order to join the youth culture and experiment with its possibilities-- few of them can say why else they have come. The old sense of vocation, once a given, is now the submerged, confused, and misunderstood motive.

"The faculty at Middlebury has seemed to me an unhappy group."

All of these provocations, real and imagined, issue in a lordly paternalism. Professor X, as a man and as a teacher, is rooted deep in fear. Publicly he pretends to an easy, ironic cynicism about the wayward follies of youth. But beyond his chuckle one can hear, if one listens hard enough, a contemptuous sneer Behind his tirade about the demise of educational principles one can hear, if one listens hard enough, a rage for vengeance. His teaching is defensive, punitive. His intellect is damaged incalculably by his outrage. In an age of atom bombs and power politics, when fool and scoundrel guide the state Professor X has little to offer except a petulant nostalgia for that lost time when a graduate degree earned respect and the diligent teacher earned love. He wishes away the world by idealizing his past-- he suppresses the secration of the past. He is driven by the same apocalyptic thinking which agitates the young. Time, he feels, his painted him into a corner. There he abides, comforted by the highly questionable assumption that only virtuous teachers are, like himself, unloved. He peoples his corner with fellow sufferers.

"College is short and life is long."

The worst students prod his paranoia. Their culture is, once again, fearsome in its rituals of exclusion. They are quick to dishonor the dead. They look and talk like experienced iconoclasts. They do not give Professor X any second chances. Such postures are exciting, but not satisfying, for students are in general at least as confused, uncertain, and fundamentally fearful as Professor X. I know students who can read Mailer's An American Dream without a cringe. They dream along with the man who murders his wife, makes anal love to the Nazi maid, empties the bowels of the dead wife and tosses her out the penthouse window. Blase, unflappable, they can discuss all this horror with absolute self-possession, like grandmother looking at photographs of last Christmas. Tinkling cymbals. In life itself, divested of posture and pretense, the merest hint of genteel adultery-- which Professor X has been living with for years-- would unhinge them.

Professor X should assume good will, he should not patronize. He should not damn the image without being sure of the fact. He and his students should both discard the fasionable scenarios as pitifully inadequate maps of human experience. There ought to be fast anchors of trust in this drifting world. It is the mark of all educated men that they can feel in more than one vocabulary-- move from language to language, life to life, without losing their identity No education is taking place until Professor X and his students come to believe in the pains and pleasures of each other. These two antagonists need not, after all, contract for a lifetime. In so brief a while they will go their ways, Professor X to continue his half successful life in this college and his students to begin to discover their own half successful lives. College is short and life is long: in any final confrontation between students and faculty my sympathies would be, naturally enough I think, with those who stay and die.

Next year I begin teaching at the University of Virginia. I intend to take the goat with me-- older now, he is not so much of a problem as he used to be. I have made many friends here and I wish the best to you all. One of the things I have learned at Middlebury is that each man has many faces, more faces than he would care to admit, and that one of mine may bear some resemblance to the face of Professor X. Goodbye.

AUCHINCLOSS...

Continued from page 7

he may produce work of originality rather than something imitative of his comtemporaries.

Mr. Auchincloss' treatment of Edith Wharton was admiring and sympathetic: he reserved his acid wit for criticism of the many obstacles, social and personal, that she had to overcome in her desire to write. He is certainly qualified to speak on Mrs.. Wharton, for he himself is the author of several novels of manners, a genre which few contemporary novelists still find attractive. His understanding of her work is also aided by his interest in Henry James, whose concept of psychological realism had a very evident influence on Mrs. Wharton's novels "The Age of Innocence" and "The House of Mirth." His lecture was necessarily brief but consistently interesting, and those with sufficient interest will look forward to reading his biography of Edith Wharton, to be published by Viking Press next fall.

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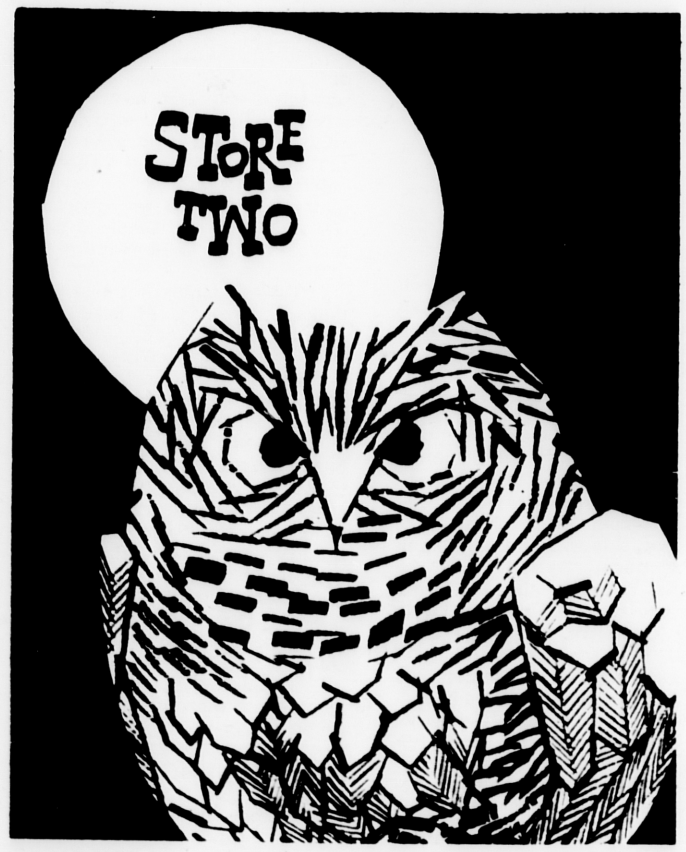

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from page 7

perhaps even gratitude should be the result of such an experience. If this is not the case in the ED 101 sections, and if the class members persist in looking to the professor for "definitive analysis," I rather suspect that the fault lies with the individuals involved, and not the professor.

Lesley Cadman

To the Editor:

Re- the letter regarding Robert Hill of the English department from the student who requested that his name be witheld ("Campus" 4-22): I don't know Mr. Hill from Adam and thus cannot comment on the allegations made in the letter. However, in the light of the nature of the letter, it seems strange that the writer should feel it to be his right to withhold his name.

Generally names are witheld from editorial letters only when there is a justifiable cause for doing so, such as protection of the innocent. For a person to make accusations such as those made against Hill and then ask that his name be witheld strikes me as being unfair, cowardly, and vindictive. For "The Campus" to print a letter under those circumstances strikes me as an example of damned poor judgement.

Robert Waters

Editor's reply: So we admit. We apologize to Mr. Hill. The fact that the author's name was withheld made it appear, to some, as if the letter was the opinion of the "Campus" editors. Such is not the case. Stephen Olson, a freshman, was the author of the letter, and it was through an administrative slip-up, partly the fault of the newspaper, that his name did not finally appear.

In the future it will be the policy of the "Campus" that no letters will be printed without the author's signiture.

author's response

To the Editor:

The largest response to my letter of last week was from people who felt that I was unjustified in leaving my name off the letter. I am fully in agreement with them. The fact that finally the withdrawal was a mistake doesn't dismiss it, because I originally asked to have my name off, and the final crossing of signals was as much or more my fault than that of anyone at the "Campus"

Leaving my name off the letter was a mistake for two reasons. First, it made my criticism irresponsible. Second, it kept the criticism from being taken seriously by either Mr. Hill or other readers. I report both equally.

My letter was as critical as it was only because I admire Mr. Hill. I got a great deal out of his course. In view of what he did for me, I was angered that in the last paragraph of his article, he seemed proud of deliberately ridiculing a student. She was trying to do what she thought was a good job, and therefore I feel that she deserved encouragement. Moreover, I think that comments such as the one in that last paragraph set the tenor of many of the "helpful criticism" sessions that the other letter writers found so valuable

My final comment is on the privilege of anonymity. I believe that if a letter writer rightly or not feels that his statement will endanger his relationship with anyone, he should have the right to withold his name. He would have to take the liability of the decreased credibility of his readers with the advantages of anonymity. It would have to remain to the editors to make sure that such a letter, like any article, would be in good taste.

Stephen Olson

pause for peace

To the Editor:

I have just returned from Washington. Indeed, it was an impressive event. Mothers, fathers, babies, freaks, straights, students, laborers, Vets, old people et al were there. Upwards to three hundred and fifty thousand people jammed Pennsylvania Avenue with the old message: "Out now!" Yet, something was unique about this gathering. The air was not filled with dope; the air was filled with urgency and commitment to immediate peace, not the government's peace, but the people's peace. The tone was emphatic. The war should have been over yesterday. It was not. It is not over today. But, it will be over tomorrow. Thousands and thousands said it, but where were you?

This coming weekend is Spring Weekend. It will be a Beautiful Day up here in Vermont. Frisbies, football, and demo derbies are all cool; but I ask that if you will not be in the streets of Washington with your brothers and sisters that at least you stop sometime in silence and remember those who gave up Spring Weekends throughout the nation for a cause more urgent than a three hour high. We may all come down from our stones and find that it is too late.

Paul Lehman

down to D.C.

To the Editor:

In Washington this weekend there were three to five hundred thousand people demonstrating against the war in Vietnam. We formed an unbroken moving line, forty across, three miles long, from 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. The sound of our united voices in the call "OUT NOW," and the dead silence following the cry could be heard for miles. Our outcry at the Capital steps could have been heard in the White House, had anyone been there to listen. The power of that event, a power strong enough to overcome its own inherent contradictions and differences, fills my mind as I write this letter.

Reasons for not going to Washington to express opposition to the war in Vietnam come easily. It will be May Day, spring weekend, or you will just have too much work. You might not trust the leaders of this particular series of demonstrations, you might fear violence, and fear being identified with the type of people who regularly take part in demonstrations. Or is the revolution in your head (you wish to free your mind instead); and your faith in any form of political action is waning.

I believe it was Rollo May who recently wrote that apathy is the anxiety of frustration. But to be frustrated in action means to have taken action, and those who have taken action before are taking action again. It is difficult to say to yourself that you are no longer able to live up to a previous level of commitment. Our political organizers of last spring are our political organizers again this spring.

But the majority of people at this college are not politically oriented. This seems to be an almost completely unchangeable fact. Politics demands an effort, an effort in a very indirect method of communication. Our political organizers, those who carry a political awareness with them as a part of their way of reacting to the world around them, are seen by some as self deceived. Indeed at times it seems as though their hard work and consistant effort is that which re-enforces their moral conscience.

To those to whom politics means little, to those who have given up fighting what they feel is a dying world, to those who

Continued on page 11

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Harris proposes

Continued from page 7

handed down, which is art, and very much a part of the spiritual aspirations of mankind. Nor does art exist by any pre-arranged franchise in "the arts." These three factor are of course all part of a single human capability, which God implements in Genesis and we have been trying a hand at ever since — making something out of nothing, generating a world of new things, and constantly rearranging that new world. At the core of all making is the work instinct — from reproduction to social utopianism, Work is still the word.

Since it is useless to criticize something until you have plans for its replacement, I am going to project a view of a new kind of academic setting in which I think some of the vices of the situation I have been describing can be avoided. In this new kind of college:

1) You study one thing Fully. In all its ramifications. The branching of the discipline will bring you back to everything else, of course in time, in many years. Have patience.

2) You work in conjunction with people of various ages and stages, not in doing the same thing, as in our normal coursework, but in working at your work, whatever it is, in association with someone else who is working at his. Thus differences between person and work become clear and a much more enriching "seminar" than ours can be created.

3) The "work day" is the normal unit of learning. And the successfully passed "exam" is the point at which the more experienced one says you no longer need him.

4) Techniques are the stock in trade. Enlightenment is the goal. The college experience is an alchemy which converts techniques into goals.

Now we can start teaching techniques, straight on and without baby feeding. (Goodbye to all you triflers, jokers and social freeloaders in your numberless ranks and Protean forms...) But for techniques mastery you get no major approval, since we reserve the serious praise (which means "graduation" in our usual terms) for the time when you have learned high mastery of one or more techniques, which you can practice with confidence, artistry and that peculiar quality of human intelligence (which is perhaps peculiar to the universe also) — the creation of new performance, new perception and new knowledge.

I am speaking, you see, of a one course curriculum which is a self-directed study program, basing itself on the hard knowledge which has already been formulated and handed down to us, but now directed toward the transcendental aspects of our perceptions (as they now seem to be), which in turn will be tomorrow's hard knowledge, or possibly part of tomorrow's scrap pile. The basic rules are: Work and Involvement. The rewards are human identity, I suspect, political incorruptibility, and at last a proper sharing of human affairs.

There are of course prerequisites:

1) Failure of the present systems. We are doing a more than adequate job of preparation here.

2) Desperation, which is always a first step, which can lead to hope.

3) Work in the full range of that misunderstood concept, which has been used so poorly and so foolishly for limited and unilateral enrichment from the times of the Pharoahs to the times of the Factories.

4) A new concept of a new framework. And there will be a framework, just as our present college miasma has a framework, with a structure, dimensions and limits. No framework, and I suppose you all know this anyway, no go.

5) The association, in terms which the relationship generates, between one who already knows some things, and ones who want to know.

And in closing I would like to note one subtle but absolutely critical difference between what I propose and what we have. We have been greatly concerned with the handing down of knowledge, and that is indeed important, and will continue to be important. But, I believe that we are going to have to become aware of the importance of generating knowledge, which is a very different proposition and demands different techniques. A subtle change, but it makes all the difference.

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CORRECTION: from last issue....

Due to an unfortunate error, the end of the article on curriculum by John Freidin ("Professor Freidin: Curriculum Lacks Purpose") and the article by Ted Hobson ("The Board of Trustees: Structurally Incongruent") were combined in their final section, resulting in incomprehensible endings for both. Here is the way that the final sections should have appeared on page seven:

End Freidin Article

tell students. Conversely, students have little effect upon it; they do not significantly alter what they are told. I am not here concerned with the fact that students have little influence over the content of their courses; if the students planned or requested their courses, and they continued to be taught as they presently are, the curriculum would not in this respect be appreciably different. Because the curriculum is presented —regardless of who the presenting authorities are— it has the effect of making students most comfortable with presentations; it fosters passivity. Not only do students learn to keep quiet, take notes, and repeat what they are told, but more important they learn attitudes of acquisence, credulity, and docility. The sanctions of our methods of presenting the curriculum are heavily weighted against students' taking the initiative for seeking knowledge, raising questions, or advocating their own positions. For many teachers this is as it should be, for they think college students cannot ask fruitful questions, cannot intelligently choose what is most worth knowing, and will not sustain their searches for understanding. These arguments fail to take account of the importance for learning of inquisitive attitudes. While the Middlebury graduate may theoretically be more capable of selecting wisely what is worth studying or of framing an effective question than is the Middlebury Freshman, the graduate so often lacks the will to do either that the advantages of his capabilities are moot.

What then is wrong with the curriculum at Middlebury is wrong with American colleges: they lack purpose. As a result, students grow up to be alumni. Though this article is not concerned with posing an alternative to our curriculum or even to suggesting directions in which it ought to move, it seems to me that Middlebury and probably all he sister colleges ought to put aside their instrumental values when they consider curricular reforms and instead ask why, whether, and wherefore. We might also put some of our zeal for cognition into gathering and analyzing evidence about our students and the effects the College has upon them. We might unlease our capacities for revelation and dreams in order to pose some goals for our activities. And we might then harness our talent with words to write a curriculum that is purposeful, and still controversial.

End Trustee Article

The effect of the Trustees governing in an area where they have no ability has been a profoundly conservative one, both within the social structure of society, and within the College. In the larger society, one need only look at the history of the elite institutions of higher education which have traditionally reserved their diplomas for the sons of the old elite, turning out new leaders who look and act like the old leaders. In society, education has been a very conservative force.

Within the institution itself, the effect has been unhealthy as well. The conservation of Middlebury and its education style is largely considered sufficient as an institutional goal. If the endowment seems to be growing modestly and we've gathered a few top academic names, put up a few new buildings, then we've performed our educational role. Since Middlebury is not expected to turn a profit, simple fiscal and academic preservation is considered an adequate goal. What becomes lost in all of this is the actual educational purpose, education process and educational effect

Perhaps the Trustees' greatest effect, finally is in the goal of the institution, a goal that seems to pervade the institution in its unstated way. What I am saying, something that certainly has been said before, is that a lot of people are here for the wrong reasons, most particularly the faculty. "Education" has become whatever we are doing, and because applications have been going up, and Middlebury has been climbing on the academic social-scale, no one need worry. Education is like cultivating crops. We till in a sort of academic bliss, basking in our own wisdom, cozy and content. The College's educational goals are satisfied by our mere existence.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from page 9

don't know enough to decide but sense something is basically wrong, and to those who do not wish to give up the comfort of their isolated and unchanging world, to those who don't know enough to decide but sense someworld for even a single day, realize your reasons for inaction are but rationalizations hidden beneath finer words.

Your, students and teachers (whose fear of being identified with anything but the most remote intellectual processes is the greatest) are being called upon to take part in a series of political actions. You are not being asked to change your ways of life, revert your values, and become overly aware of issues that seem to very rarely touch you. But once or twice a year the political organizers call upon everyone who beyond all other differences wish to end this war, to make their bodily presence felt. Go down to Washington, demonstrate with the people in the method that the opportunities present themselves and in such a way that truly suits your conscience, and when you return, then forget it, if you are still able to.

Bernard C. Wesson

fear of reason

To the Editor:

John Froines of the Chicago Seven recently spoke here. These are some of the major positions that he advanced:

a.) that we are committing genocide in Vietnam, the word "we" being used deliberately;

b.) that this genocide is the product of the American profit-making system and mentality;

c.) that anyone who adheres to a "conspiracy theory" regarding Vietnam, whether he be right- or left-wing politically, is a sick person, because he is avoiding his guilt for countenancing the genocide;

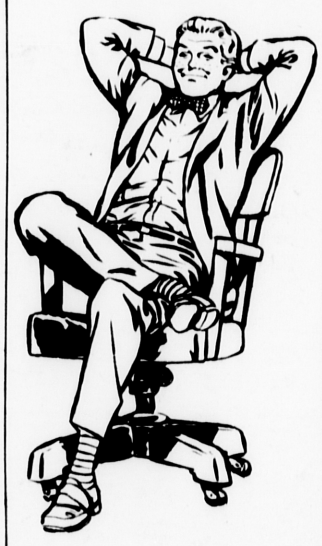
d.) that we must take radical action against the American system, and not merely seek to reform it, because the evil is implicit in the system.

He quoted statistics and various quite reputable authorities on America and the war in support of his position. His argument was rather strongly stated, it is true; not the academic discussion to which we are accustomed here at Middlebury, but certainly not, as Mike Reed's letter published in the last "Campus" would have us believe, the product of a raving, Nazi, "paranoid" mentality.

I am tremendously ill of hearing those who take a passionate but reasoned radical stance dismissed by such as Mr. Reed as "self-righteous." If we are not to take a stand against murder, who is? I am ill of hearing people who are afraid of deep commitment despise that commitment in the name of reason. What, pray tell, is more reasonable than to passionately protest a crime that is being committed before your eyes in your name? I am tired of the deliberate miscomprehensions perpetrated by the timid and apathetic upon the strong and involved. Perhaps the paranoia of which Mr. Reed speaks comes when we are so little confident of ourselves that we will allow sickness to be wrought upon mankind, which is ourselves, while we wait hopefully for a solution to arise that is dispassionate and "reasonable" (oh, the apathy and inaction that are sanctioned by the use of that word!). Perhaps the true paranoia is a fear of our own efficacy and power and, yes, reason.

Seth Steinzor

"I get off...



on the CAMPUS"

--J. Olson

Middlebury Student Plans Alternate Parking Project

The Middlebury Town parking problem faced not only the town officials, the Planning Commission, the merchants, and the residents; it was also the concern of students enrolled in Mr. Andres' "Focus: Middlebury" Winter Term course.

A parking proposal was designed by sophomore Kathy Frazer, which has since been considered by planning officials, and presented to interested members at an Action for a Better Community (ABC) meeting held in the Middlebury Inn.

Kathy first carried out a study of parking habits in the town. She stationed students by the entrance door of several stores on Main Street. Anyone entering was asked where they had parked their car. The survey was taken before the ban had gone into effect. The results show that between 15-20 percent of the drivers parked on Main Street.

She took a personal opinion poll asking whether customers felt that business would decrease with the new ban. Merchants were excluded from the poll. There were a variety of reasons why people liked or disliked the Parking Ban. The comments supporting the ban favored the weight relief on the bridge, the decrease in splashing of cars as they avoided the gutters, and the safety of a parking lot. The comments against it included a dislike for the parking congestions created in other areas, the danger in the increased driving speed now that the street is clear and the psychological, if not wholly economical, effect on merchants.

Despite the complaints from businessmen and the threat of converting the town green into a parking lot, and ban has remained. The only evident solution will be to provide other adequate parking space. Kathy Frazer considered this challenge as her course project.

A parking lot is already in existence. It is located behind the Ilsley Library and has a direct access to the back door of the Ben Franklin store. Kathy found many residents didn't know about it, and so took action in order to inform them. She submitted a diagram to the Addison County Independent. A banner directing cars to the lot was stretched across Main Street.

Kathy heard many parking suggestions before she formulated her own. The most original of these were to have a parking lot near the A&P and use a shuttle bus which would take people in and out of the central town area, to construct an iron mesh over the railroad tracks and park cars on it, to use the bottom floor of the Battell Block for parking (at present this area is used to store corpses during the winter months), and to widen the bridge on Main Street. This last proposal would only provide 6 to 7 new parking spaces at a tremendous cost!

Kathy's project centered around the area behind the bank located on Main Street. She suggested that this terrain be filled in to increase the level area on which cars could park. The entrance to the lot would be the narrow street next to Lazarus', and the exit would be the road marked on the diagram leading out to Willard Street. This road would, in turn, open up more business to that section of town. Since this road could be made two-way the flow of traffic on Main Street from the cars coming from that section would be cut. A sidewalk entrance to the lot could be opened up between the bank and Park's Drugs. She suggested that the lot start out with a capacity for 30-50 cars, but if the need arose it could be expanded.

Planners and builders, however, know too well that parking lots aren't built overnight. Several problems came into view. Firstly, if Willard Street were to be used as a way of circling onto Seymour Street, a short strip of road would have to be built since it is now a dead end road, and a new railroad crossing would be created. Secondly, the filling in of the land may be far more complex than in most areas since the river runs so close. Such things as erosion, settering floods, would have to be taken into account. Of course, another aspect of such a proposal is the financial demands.

These problems, however, do not cancel the advantage of such a plan. A parking lot at this end of Main Street would "balance" off the lot behind the library. These would cut the traffic actually going through Main Street. The Willard Street annex may not be wolly necessary since a large circle through Maple Street is possible. All the stores in front of the lot could benefit from back door entrances which may boost their business. The bank may even build a drive-in window.

The project is seriously being considered presently. Many studies will have to be made before it can be determined whether the proposal is feasible.

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JOHN S. FREIDIN
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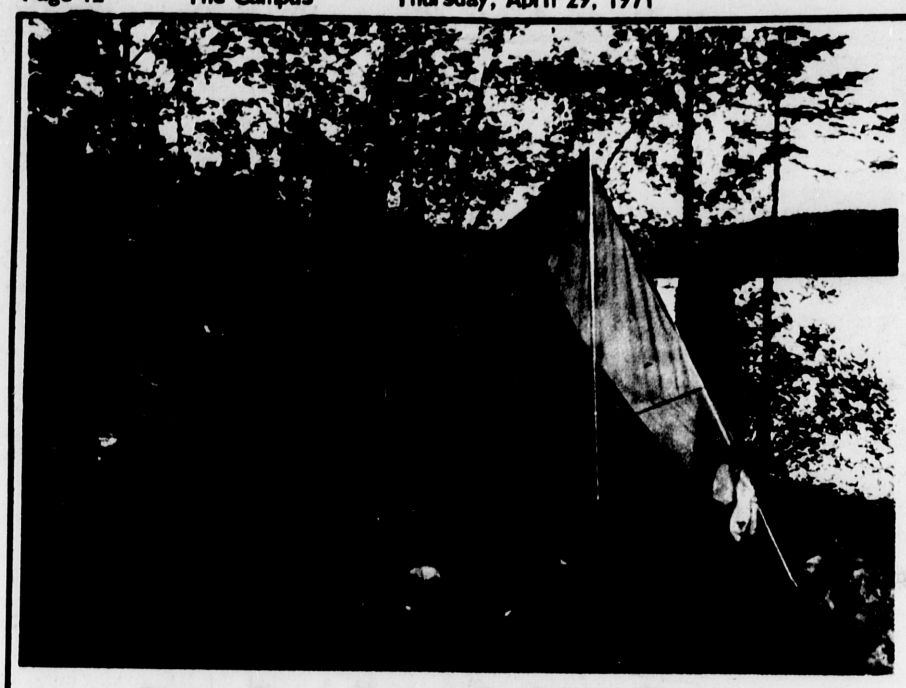

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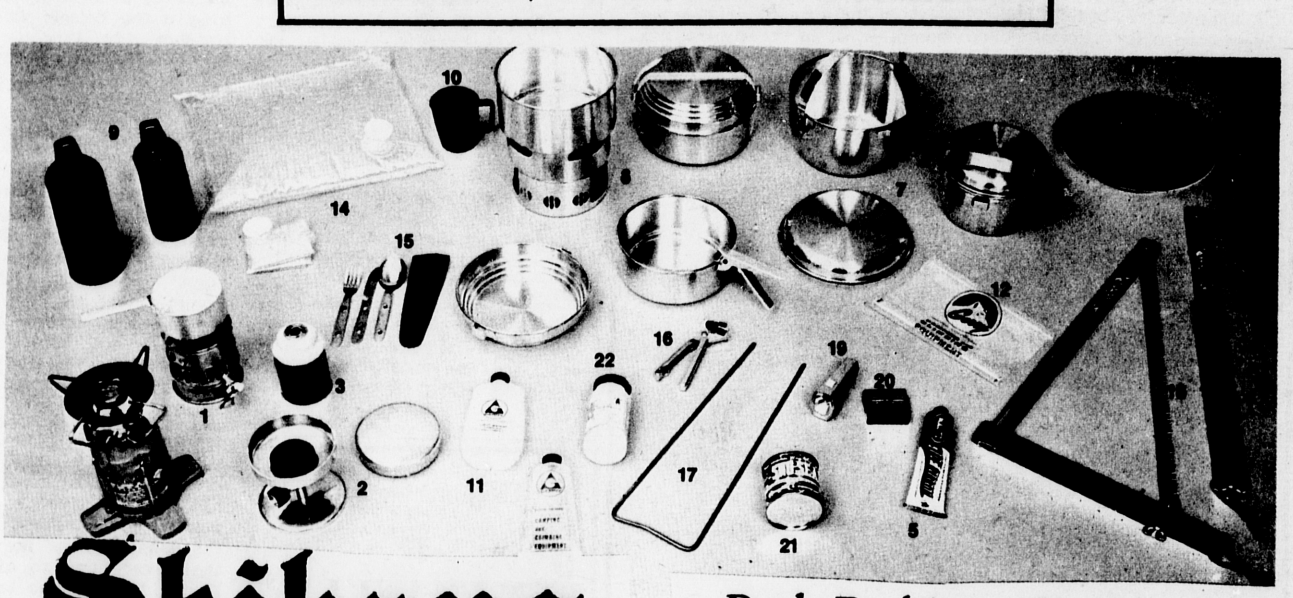

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SPORTS UNLIMITED

In the ♥ of Middlebury

1. **A101 Svea Stove** · 11.50
   Reliable gasoline stove. Holds 4 ozs. of white gas, burns 51 minutes per filling. Includes valve, key, cleaner and cup handle. Size: 3¾" x 5". Weight: 9 ozs.
2. **A103 Gerry Mini Stove** · 9.75
   New compact butane stove that is only 1½" deep and 4½" in diameter when closed. Stove fits into its own self-contained unit. Stands 4½" high when assembled. Weighs only 7 ozs.
3. **A104 Gerry Mini Fuel** .95
   Small can but will give three hours of cooking time on 6½ ozs. of fuel. Total weight approximately 10 ozs. Fuel cannot be sent air mail.
4. **A109 Bleuet Stove** 9.75
   Size: 8½" x 3½"; Weight: 2 lbs. 7 ozs. complete. Includes Bleuet Fuel, cartridge **(A110)** and windscreen **(A111)**. Fuel cartridge cannot be sent air mail.
5. **A113 Fire Ribbon** .75
   Small amount burns a long time. Can be used on wet wood. Weight: 5 ozs.
6. **A206 Tourist Cooker** 9.00
   Nests neatly to make a small self-contained kit. Consists of 2½ pint pot, 3½ pint pot, wind screen, pot lifter and lid. Size: 8" dia. 5" high. Weight: 1 lb. 10 ozs.
7. **Aluminum Kettle Set**
   A210—1½ qt. kettle, weight: 9 ozs. 4.00
   A211—2½ qt. kettle, weight: 11½ ozs. 4.75
   A212—3½ qt. kettle, weight: 14½ ozs. 5.30
8. **A241 Teflon Fry Pan** 1.80
   Lightest weight frying pan available. Cooks without sticking. Weight 4½ ozs.
9. **Aluminum Bottles**
   Lightest way to carry liquids safely in your pack.
   A311—1¼ pint size 3" x 8". Weight: 4 ozs. 2.50
   A312—1 quart size 3¼" x 9½". Weight: 5 ozs. 3.00
10. **A403 Plastic Mug** .25
    Made of hard Polypropolene. Weight: 1½ ozs.
11. **Poly Bottles** 1.00-pk.
    Lightweight, unbreakable.
    A404—Capacity: 4 ozs. Weight: 1 oz.
    A405—Capacity: 8 ozs. Weight: 2 ozs.
12. **Poly Bags** - 1.00pk
    Waterproof with many uses such as packing food, etc.
    A410—Size 6" x 12". Weight: 2 ozs.
    A411—Size 9" x 18". Weight: 2 ozs.
    A412—Size 18" x 30". Weight: 2 ozs.
13. **A415 Poly Squeeze Tubes** 1.25
    Squeeze jam, peanut butter, butter with no mess. New improved clip **(A414)**. Size: 6" x 2" diam. Weight: 1 oz.
14. **A417 Poly Water Bags** 1.00pk
    The lightweight way to carry six quarts of liquid. Easy pouring cap. Takes no room in pack. Weight: 1½ ozs.
15. **A420 Knife, Fork, Spoon Set** 1.00
    Stainless steel. Weight: 1½ ozs.
16. **A421 Pot Lifter** - 1.00
    Cast aluminum. Size: 5" long. Weight: 3 ozs.
17. **A424 Stainless Steel Grill** · 1.75
    Unique design permits placing on uneven rocks without wobbling. Size: 15" x 5". Weight: 6 ozs.
18. **A850 Sven Saw** · 7.95
    Aluminum with tempered Swedish steel blade. Folds into handle when not in use. Size: Folded, 24" long, 1¾" wide. Weight: 1 lb. Extra saw blades available **(A851)**.
19. **A900 Mallory Pocket Lite** -- 2.00
    Throws 250' beam. Flat shape won't roll. Fits into pocket. Weight: 3½ ozs. (Including batteries.)
20. **A901 Manganese Batteries** - 2.40-pk
21. **F713 Sno Seal** - 1.00
    A wax boot dressing created by Ome Daiber. Won't stretch leather. Weight: 8 ozs.
22. **Arm Formula A Vitamins** 2.00
    J903—18 capsule sampler 2.00
    J905—55 capsule economy - 4.50
    J907—120 capsule expedition size 9.00